

T H E
SENTENCE of MOMUS

O N T H E
POETICAL AMUSEMENTS

A T A
V I L L A near *B A T H.*



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T H E
SENTENCE of MOMUS

ON THE
POETICAL AMUSEMENTS, &c.

A U R O R A, unlocking the portals of day,
In her chariot drove off in her best suit of grey,
And gallop'd o'er mountains and vallies apace,
The G A L A at Easton invited to grace:
Serene rose the sun too, the welkin was fair,
And the birds melodiz'd, with their sonnets, the air;
Nor the birds of the U R N, less, than those of the grove,
Had tun'd their soft lyres in oblations to Love;

Each

Each rival competitor, ardent for praise,

From the Zenith of Ansty, to the Nadir of Bayes-----

10

For this (so V A N E S S A decreed) was the morn,

To allot their rewards to the birds of the U R N.

This U R N, an Antique, as I think I've been told,

Stood in Tully's fam'd Tusculan Villa of old,

And, a thousand years after, and more, was here brought,

And, long, may it stand in this favorite spot!

But whether 'twas wafted by Spirits of air,

Or Spirits of gold, as most other things are,

The muse does not say---'tis enough, as of yore,

That 'tis deck'd with Belles Letters---Parnassian Lore.

20

What time the poor Philomel's wak'd by her thorn,

Her own and her sister's disasters to mourn,

What time the worm's fires, ineffectual, are seen,

Or (which may more clearly express what I mean)

The

The clock had struck one, when V A N E S S A arofe,
 And flipt from the bofom, belov'd, of her fpoufe,
 To V E N U S her early orations fhe paid,
 To guide the decifion, that morn, to be made----
 But knowing Divinities oft had prefer'd
 The oblations of Votaries---their prayers unheard, 30
 An Altar fhe rais'd and infcrib'd it---T O L O V E
 With myrtles, and rofes, and woodbines, inwove,
 Hung round with a hundred, and more, wounded hearts,
 On which her fon Cupid had practis'd his darts,
 With a great many more, which remain'd yet unhurt,
 But might ferve to create the two Deities fport.
 And Venus, pretending her wifhes to crown,
 Appointed herfelf, with a judge, to come down,
 Tho' fhe (as your goddeffes, do what they lift)
 Refolv'd, if fhe came, to be wrapt in a mift. 40

The Goddefs (who well on occasion can trim)
 Or out of caprice, or ill-nature, or whim,
 Or jealous, perhaps, of the crowds, that resort
 Of her Beaux, and her Belles, to V A N E S S A's gay court,
 Determin'd their mirth and their pleasure to mar ;
 So she strait sallied off in her pigeon-drawn car,
 Approach'd in an instant the throne of her fire,
 All the while her eyes sparkling with purple-ting'd fire---
 Oh thou ! the supreme, both of gods, and of men !
 See V E N U S, thy daughter, a suppliant agen ! 50
 I've occasion for M O M U S----oh grant me my pray'r !
 Him I want to employ in a pressing affair----
 J O V E, smiling, assented to what she desir'd ;
 But, as usual, th' ambrosial kisses requir'd.

The muse has now thought it high time to return,
 And shew what was done at the Tufculan U R N

Around

Around it a group of both sexes were got,
 Of some, who were poets, and some, who were not,
 A few came in friendship, but, as sure as a gun,
 A great many more were assembled for fun, 60
 On purpose to laugh at their hostess, and sneer,
 All the while they kept eating and drinking her cheer :
 Oh fye for the sex, which abound in good nature,
 To backbite their friends, and take pleasure in satire.
 But ye sneerers, I hope, (to speak under the rose),
 Ye are some of the people whom—nobody knows :
 Not the Ornaments Glory and Pride of the nation
 Our Nymphs of high breeding and Ladies of Fashion.

Mean while the two gods sliding down thro' the air
 Swift as motion itself, in the Circle appear, 70
 But the goddess, involv'd in her taffeta cloud,
 To none, save VANESSA, was known in the crowd;

While

While M Q M U S, instructed to perfect her plan,
 The person assum'd of some very grave man,
 With a thought-furrow'd front, such as judges oft wear,
 And a staff in his hand, like what conjurers bear.
 Not on C A M S fedgey banks (where, as writer's recount,
 In his kingdom despotic he reign'd Paramount)
 Proud B E N T L E Y more wrinkles his brow ever put on,
 When he hash'd culprit authors, as cooks hash your mutton, 80
 Yet pleas'd, as a surgeon a body dissecting,
 In the thoughts, or of making of faults, or detecting.
 Now the company feasted with cake, wine, and jelly,
 The U R N disembouged the contents of its belly,
 And M O M U S was chose, with V A N E S S A's good will,
Sur intendant des plaisirs de Batheaston Ville,
 To weigh well the merit of every pretender,
 Who was forc'd his own judgment, to his, to surrender ;

For

For against this tribunal, 'twas fully agreed,
 No appeal should be brought, or, if brought, not succeed. 90
 Impartial, resolv'd to condemn, or prefer—
 As the clock counted twelve he ascended the chair.

That my lungs were as strong as a bellows and tough!
 That I had full fifty tongues, which would scarce be enough,
 Of iron, or brass, or more durable metal,
 To sing all the songs that came out of the kettle!
 (I call it a kettle instead of an urn,
 Not in joke, but because it best answers my turn).
 To discover the name of each candidate bard
 Who thronging advanc'd to receive his reward! 100
 For their names they, themselves, were too modest to own,
 Until their demerits or merits were known:
 'Tis strange, such a group of aspirants to fame
 So backward should be in acquiring a name—

C

But

But first see V A N E S S A herself in the van !
 At a distance her spouse, a right good natur'd man—
 This pair stood the foremost, each bursting for praise :
 Each had honour'd the U R N with a great many lays.

“ I praise, said the god, their most excellent fare ;
 “ But at present I've none for their verses to spare, 110
 “ And if right I the spirit of prophecy cast,
 “ The praise of their feasts will all praises out last.
 “ Ah Monsieur de T E M S ! I presume spick and span---
 “ This sonnet is form'd on an elegant plan ;
 “ But my judgeship you must not expect to cajole---
 “ Restore it to Lilly, from whom it was stole,
 “ Campaspe, I ween, made the fortunate bet---
 “ 'Twas to her Cupid lost both his eyes at piquet.
 “ And as to your other---Not the beautiful Maids,
 “ In frolic disporting round Batheaston shades, 120

“ Not

“ Not all the attendants of cicelbee dames,
 “ Not the nymphs of the groves, with the nymphs of the streams.
 “ Tho’ I praise their good humour, their laughter and glee,
 “ Shall save it from damning by M O M U S decree.”

The M A R C I A of R—S comes the next up to view,---
 “ The picture of P---T, and the likeness is true,---
 “ Train up, said the Wife man, (not mal a propo’s)
 “ Your child in the way you would have him to go.---
 “ The P---s have avail’d of a parents example,
 “ Of which I produce L-g---r as a sample.” 130

My lord of ——— (to D——y related,
 Who his monarch betray’d, and his treasury cheated)
 To the banks of A V O N A has taken his flight,
 Since he finds nothing else can afford him delight :
 “ Oh let him keep snug in his E M I L Y’s arms,
 “ And he soon will give up all the Batheaston charms.”

More

More room here—more room make for Mrs. L--r---e,
 To Easton she comes, as she says, in her coach,
 In hopes to receive the reward of her lays—
 “ She has had it—in driving four beautiful bays.” 140

Whip and spur comes a D--x on his Pegafus, sure
 From the rest to himself the best prize to secure---
 “ Tis a farce Master D--x and quite out of the way,
 “ To equip with a saddle a horse for the dray.”

A Sed—y the next—“ he can write if he please—
 “ Well fam'd was his grandfire for smart repartees,
 “ As witness the answer he made to king James,
 “ Just before the poor monarch embark'd on the Thames.

“ The claim of you ———perhaps may be strong
 “ To tie up like A N S O N, the world in a thong— 150
 “ But certes, I weet, in the matter of Byng
 “ The world thought that *somebody* wanted—a string,

“ I know where you did for *yourself* very well

“ What time Moro castle, by accident, fell,

“ While your failors, by no means the least in deserving,

“ Back to England return'd in fit order for starving—

“ But admit on the Seas you can sound an alarm—

“ Is that any reason your verses must charm?

“ But if you will write, you will spend your Time better

“ To write for your brother a *pastoral letter*.” 160

Here are trifles by one, soon to be my Lord P--t—

“ He may pass for a P—r, tho' he won't for a Wit”—

Here's by many a different hand an Ænigma—

Acrostic—“ on every one stamp a stigma—

“ Ænigmas, nonsensical things at the best,

“ And I nothing so much as acrostics detest”—

Bout's rimès in abundance—“ Ah none of these vary—

“ Let them all share the fate of Don Quixote's library.”

D

What

What—this by her G---e too?—“ This may drop from my ^{[clutches—}
 “ On her broad bottom plan shall escape the fat D——s, 170
 “ Else she may not deign, for the future, to feast on
 “ The muffins and puffins, so fam’d at Batheaston.”

Here’s one too compos’d by a child, you are told—
 “ No critique on misses eleven years old.”

Here are many appear in Lord Pal-m-n’s name—
 “ His Lordship has long had a title to fame ;
 “ For great is his merit—all who know him allow it—
 “ But such subjects as these will spoil a good poet.”

But bless me what’s this? Tis a stranger, that fues
 And begs of his judge, to be kind to the muse. 180
 “ I grant his pretension (tho’ somewhat the oddest)
 “ So let him pass on, for he’s really too modest”—

’Twere endless the rest of the group to recount,
 Who throng’d to be dipt in the Helicon fount—

“ A separate critique, said the god, is too much,
 “ Like the web of a spider too weak for my touch,
 “ And as most of them seem to be birds of a feather,
 “ (As the old adage says) they will well flock together.
 “ Tie them up then in bundles and burn them by dozens”——

Here's a poem still left, elegiac, by Co--ns—— 190

Cries Momus, “ this merits a different doom,
 “ Tho' envy may hint it was written by Co--.
 “ Restore it to him, to which e'er it belongs,
 “ Let him mingle no more with such songsters and songs.”
 ' The judgment thus past the arch-god broke his staff,
 Came down from the chair and sneak'd off in a laugh ;
 While Venus, enjoying the tumult she rais'd,
 Posted off to Cythera, exceedingly pleas'd.

F I N I S.

[13]

"A separate critique, and the god, is too much,
"Like the web of a spider too weak for my touch,
"And as much of them seem to be birds of a feather,
"(As the old adage says) they will flock together.
"The them up then in bundles and burn them by dozens" —
Here's a poem full of elegiac, by Co-ns —
Cries Mourn, "this merits a different doom,
"The, envy may hint it was written by Co-ns.
"Reflect it to him, to which ever it belongs,
"Let him mingle no more with such longer and longer."
The judgment thus past the arch-god broke his staff,
Came down from the chair and shook'd off in a laugh;
While Venus, enjoying the tumult she rais'd,
Plo'd off to Cytherea, exceedingly pleas'd.

A I W I S



X

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